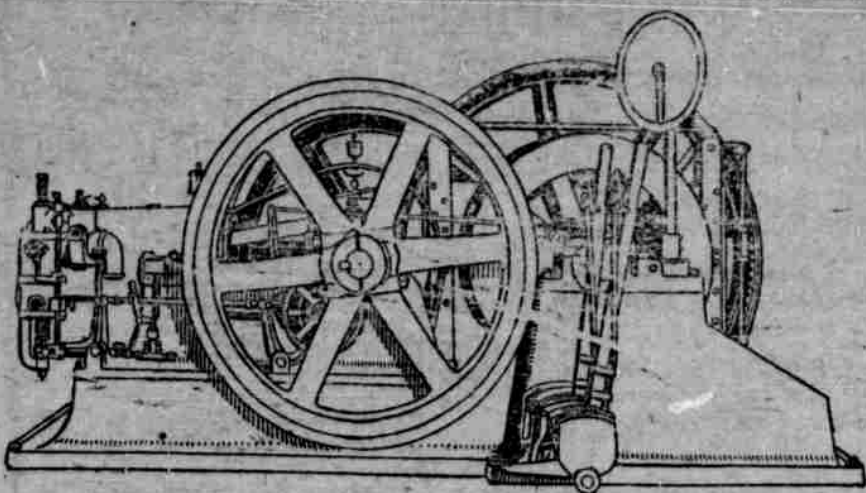


We Like To Publish Results



PIOCHE KING MINING COMPANY John A. Kirby, Manager Jno. T. Hodson, Sec'y
This company is using a 50-H.P. ALAMO Gasoline Hoist which also drives a 319 cu. ft. Two-Stage Compressor. Nine hour shift hoisted 90 11-cu. ft. buckets on 5 gallons Distillate. Twelve hour shift hoisted 35 11-cu. ft. buckets, drilled 22 6-ft. holes with three machines on 27 gallons Distillate. Now do you know why "old timers" are buying the

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THE TIME IS HERE

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Screen Doors. We have
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Lumber, Concrete, or Cement Blocks

Plans and specifications drawn. Work guaranteed
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Office in the M. Griffith House on Pioche Street.

Made Carlyle "Shell Out."

Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day in the King's road he saw Carlyle coming in his direction and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying: "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was: "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel.

If he did not send him £5 (\$25) he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The £5 was at once forthcoming.

Delays Are Dangerous.

His years exceeded the allotted three-score and ten, but he was a capitalist with more dollars than sense.

"Ah, my dear," he murmured to the fair girl by his side. "I could die for you."

"Then let us hurry to the minister's at once," replied the practical maid. "I don't want you to give the undertaker a job until I have the right

BEST RESULTS NOT ACHIEVED.

Dr. Parkhurst Deprecates What Is Known as American Hustle.

In a recent sermon Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, at the Madison Square Presbyterian church, deprecated the swollen ambition and frantic endeavor of the present-day American life.

"American hustle is putting its blight upon everything that really deserves to be called substantial American progress," he said. "We have recently been informed by one who has had exceptional opportunity to acquaint himself with the facts that will all the crowding and prodding that distinguishes the American schoolroom, there is less to show for it than is secured by the more steady and composed discipline of German instruction."

"A German is never in a hurry, but he does as much as an American, and does it better and more thoroughly and with less wrench to himself and to other people. And when it comes to a question of military genius and preparation, Germany would quite likely be able to whip all the rest of Europe."—N. Y. Times.

A True Patriot.

He was doing some figuring with pencil and paper on the head of a barrel in front of a grocery when the grocer came out and called his attention to some heads of cabbage that had just been left by a farmer.

"Yes, them cabbages is all right," replied the man, "but I don't care for any. I was reading the other night about a proposed treaty between this country and China. The paper said it could raise the price of washing a shirt to nine cents, and I made up my mind I was agin it."

"So you won't favor such a treaty?" was asked.

"Yes, I think I will, since I have figured on it. I find that it would make a difference of only six cents a year to me, and if the rest of the country wants it I won't be so dog-goned mean as to hang back!"

Australia's Wild Oysters.

Oysters are sometimes regarded as dangerous but they are not usually considered savage. A Queensland judge, however, has decided that they are wild beasts. Before a royal commission on the pearling industry, which has been sitting at Brisbane, a witness stated that eight years ago he had laid 100,000 shells in the neighborhood of Friday Island. The Japanese stole the shells, and the district court judge held that as pearl shell oysters were wild animals there was no penalty for stealing them.

The Harvest Moon.

There's the moon above the housetops, there's the harvest moon, my sweet, Shining softly o'er the gray roofs, o'er the lumber city street. As it's shining o'er the wheatfields, turning gold to silver sheen, While the little winds go whispering burnished beech leaves in between.

There's the moon above the housetops, there's the night hush o'er the town, And a sudden drifting spear point of the silvery thistle-down.

Has it come to tell us, darling, of the harvest fields that lie Wave on wave of gleaming splendor 'neath the moonlit autumn sky?

There's the cool wind on our faces, with the freshness of the night, And the level shadows lying o'er the pavement's checker'd white; There's the calling of the country in our hearts again, my sweet, And the sigh of wind swept wheatears down the somber city street.

Love and Death.

Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain; And sweet is death who puts an end to pain; I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be; Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.

O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet Love, that seems not made to fade away, Sweet death that seems to make us love—here, clay, I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be; I needs must follow death, who calls for me.

Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.

—Tennyson.

You.

My heart is full of song, my lips are scant of speech, It is you, you, you, it is us, each to each! It is happy winds of dawn that blow the world awake.

It is sunlight, leaping sunlight on the ripple-crested lake! O, the wave of love in me that sweeps me when I think!

O, the fountains of memory where my glad spirits drink! Night and star and ripened corn, harvest-burdened hill.

And the woods at twilight when the earth is still! O, loveliness of years that floods my mind anew.

And back of all and in all just you, you, you!

—James Oppenheim, in Metropolitan Mag.

NEVADA FIRST IN THE PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

"It is my honest opinion that the meeting of the American Mining congress in Goldfield this year will bring before in the history of the organization. I might also add that I expect Nevada to take the first place in the list of gold-producing states of this country for the year 1909."

These were the expressions last night at the Goldfield hotel of Thos. B. Ewing of Colorado, one of the best known mining men in the country, one of the organizers of the American Mining congress, and who has for seven years been vice-president of that society, says the Goldfield Tribune.

Ewing arrived yesterday from the east, on private business, and will be in the district for several days. Today or tomorrow he will be the guest of Donald Ferguson, who will show him several of the bonanzas of the camp.

Mr. Ewing continued that not only Nevada, but the entire Pacific coast, will be greatly benefitted by the mining congress. California has been more or less slack in its support of the society, but meeting in Goldfield, in his opinion, will not only result in renewed interest, but will materially add to the membership of the organization.

MUCH LIKE AN ADVERTISEMENT

Patent Medicine Man Rather "Had One" On Physician.

Parker M. White, the advertisement writer, was talking in Pittsburg about the universality of advertising.

"Doctors, lawyers, clergymen," he said, "claim not to advertise, but somehow or other, we see their advertisements occasionally. Am I not right?"

"The millionaire proprietor of a patent tonic called on a well-known doctor one day.

"Look here," he said, "you are the Dr. Lacey Fisher who is attending Senator Stoxen, are you not?"

"I am, sir," the physician answered.

"Well," said the tonic man, "what'll you take to put on the daily bulletins that you give out about the senator this morn'g? Use Blood Bitters. They Ward Off Disease?"

"Why, man," said the famous doctor, indignantly, "I wouldn't do that for anything. Those bulletins are not advertisements."

"The other chuckled harshly.

"Ain't they?" he said. Then take your name of 'em."

Bird Snaring in Connecticut.

Reports from hunters who have made trips to different points where game usually can be found indicate that snaring has prevailed this season to a greater extent than ever before. Evidence is abundant in any locality frequented by game, the telltale snare, not infrequently still holding its prey, being a dumb but sure witness that lawbreakers are numerous and are almost thoughtless in their boldness.

Some idea of the magnitude of this law-breaking work in this state may be gained from the fact that one man alone had shipped some 300 birds to another state within a few weeks after the close season was on.—Hartford Courant.

BULLETIN BUBBLES.

Army officer—the vaccine physician.

Train dispatchers—busy dressmakers.

Expensive fish seem to be raised in high schools.

The king is careful not to get his reign coat wet.

You can not always get posted, even at the postoffice.

Does the two-faced man who drinks have room for more "smiles?"

It is no sign a man is polished just because you can see his finish.

The incorrect bookkeeper seems to be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

As to the teeth of the storm, the oarsman may have a better pull than the dentist.

No doubt the nearsighted palm reader is sometimes compelled to use a hand glass.

To stand in with some high and mighty people you have to let them sit down on you.

A kiss in the dark may be the divine spark that makes two people the light of each other's lives.

The photographer often has to be all in the dark in order to see things in the light.

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PIOCHE, NEVADA.

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THE RESOURCES
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SAFE AND PROFITABLE ATTENTION

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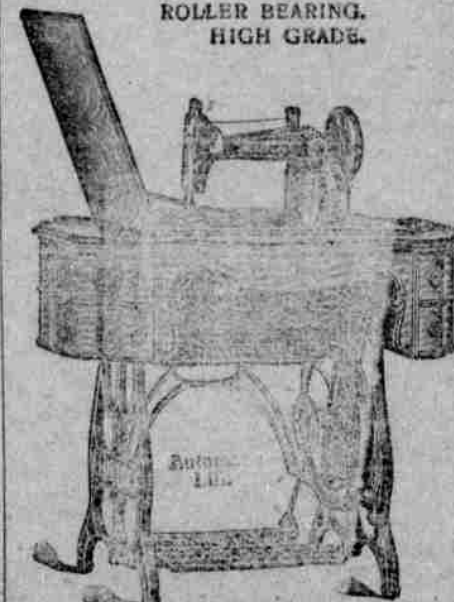
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